

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY G. H. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XXII.—AFTER THREE YEARS.

I WAS thirteen years old; and, save that I was nearly three years older than at the close of my last chapter, no great changes had taken place in my history. My relations with the small household in Silver Square remained on the same footing. My grandfather was getting rather more infirm than when I first knew him, for he was fast approaching the threescore and ten years

which the Psalmist places as the ordinary boundary of human life; but he bore the burden of years bravely. He was methodical and temperate; and we know that these good habits are favourable to hale old age and long life.

Betsy Miller was still my grandfather's housekeeper; and, only that she had more frequent recourse to extraneous assistance on her high days of bustle and cleaning, she remained pretty much the same as when I first introduced her to my readers. She was, perhaps, a trifle more gaunt and bony; and her hair was becoming undeniably gray, for she was near upon fifty years old. But

both her energy and her devotedness to my grandfather's interests were unabated: while her motherly kindness towards me, if there was any difference, was augmented.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that I had, long ere this, passed from under Betsy Miller's sway in the matter of education. One of the results of Mr. Falconer's lengthened sojourn in Silver Square, as recorded in my former chapters, was that I was sent to a good day-school in the city, where, for three years, I had had my irregularities pretty well rubbed down by constant contact with some fourscore boys, and had imbibed a good deal of scholastic lore which would have been quite beyond Betsy Miller's power to impart. And, without saying more than is becoming on this score, I may add that, not being naturally stupid or perverse, I had escaped punishment in general, and was reckoned, I believe, by the masters, as rather a promising pupil.

In the three years which had thus passed away, Mr. Falconer had remained abroad. We often heard from him, however, in Silver Square, and his letters to my grandfather were never concluded without some kind messages to me.

In all this time I had heard nothing of Mrs. Tozer and Marmaduke. Once, indeed, when suffering for a time from ill-health—or rather from the delicacy which sometimes attends rapid growth, especially in closely pent-in cities—the question was mooted by my grandfather, whether it would not be prudent to send me into the country for a season; and he proposed writing to Mrs. Tozer to ask her to receive me. But I recoiled from this intimation with so much horror, and begged so earnestly of Betsy Miller to frustrate so dire a conclusion, that the idea came to nothing. Probably Mrs. Tozer would not have received me; but I was very glad not to have to risk her consent to my visit.

I was thirteen years old then, and was still looked upon as being frail and delicate in constitution, when another era in my history was opened.

My grandfather called me one day into his office, and gave me a letter to read. It had come by post that morning, and was from Mr. Falconer. It was to the effect that, when he was last in England, and spent a few days in exploring the north-eastern coast, he had made acquaintance with Mr. T. (to avoid the awkwardness of a mere initial, I will write down Thompson), who was the proprietor of a large boarding-school, at about a mile from a very romantic spot on the coast, which I may as well call St. Judith's Bay. The letter went on to say that the writer had lately renewed this acquaintance by happening to fall in with Mr. Thompson, who was spending his midsummer vacation in a Continental tour, and that he was very much pleased with that gentleman, whom, indeed, he praised in high terms. The letter went on to state, further, that this meeting had resulted in a plan respecting the two boys, meaning Marmaduke and myself; that he (Mr. Falconer) had made arrangements with Mr. Thompson for our being received into his establishment; that I might go to St. Judith's as soon as it suited my grandfather's convenience to send me; and that I should no doubt find my friend Marmaduke already there.

This letter—of which my memory has preserved the above abstract—was written in very affectionate terms, and spoke of the concern Mr. Falconer felt at the reports of my grandfather about my weakly state, which he hoped fresh country air and sea-bathing would remedy. As a matter of course, Mr. Falconer added, all charges were already arranged for, to be put to his account; but he further desired that twenty pounds should be applied, out of funds in my grandfather's hand, to fitting me out

for school; also that, from the same funds, I was to receive ten pounds a year as pocket-money.

"You see what Mr. Falconer writes, Hurly," said my grandfather, in rather a tremulous voice. "What do you think of it, my dear boy?"

"It is very good of Mr. Falconer, grandfather," said I.

"Yes, yes; Mr. Falconer is generous and open-handed in all he does. But what do you think of this plan of his? How do you like his proposal?"

"I shall like to go to the school, sir," I replied.

"Ah, it will be a change for you, Hurly; and the young are fond of changes. I dare say you have found things very dull and humdrum in Silver Square since you left off being quite a child." My dear grandfather said this rather sorrowfully, I thought—more sorrowfully than reproachfully—and his eyes moistened a little.

"I have not been dull, indeed and indeed," I said, earnestly and truly; "and I do not want to leave you, grandfather; I shall never be happier anywhere else, I am sure."

"I am not sure, Hurly," returned my grandfather, with unusual solemnity and feeling. "The world is young to you, and new to you; and pleasure is easily to be found. You have a contented disposition, I know; and I know, too, that you are one of the comparatively small number who have a way, without designing it, of making friends wherever they go. I have no doubt you will be happy at school—as happy, at any rate, as you have been in this gloomy house."

"It has never been gloomy to me, grandfather," I said, a good deal moved by the old man's kindness. "You have always been so good to me—so very good. How could I help being happy?"

"To whom could I have felt and shown affection, if not to you, my dear boy?" asked my grandfather, with a heavy sigh. "You are all that is left to me of my own, to love. I am like a half-dead and decayed tree, Hurly. The trunk remains, though the heart is eaten out of it; but the branches—the branches! Oh, Hurly! they were very flourishing once; so the poor trunk thought, in his foolish pride. But God has smitten them; and now—"

My poor grandfather did not complete his lamentation, but he turned away, and leaned his head for a moment or two on his hand, while his elbow rested on the desk. I saw his lips move, as in prayer. I think he was praying then; and I also turned away reverently.

And self-reproachfully, too. My grandfather knew that, by this time, I knew all about—no, not so, but a great deal about his son, William Bix. He knew that I knew what a trouble that son had been to him, and had brought shame upon him as well. He knew that, know how, in spite of all by-gones, he loved that wicked son, with a long-tried and enduring love. He knew that I knew how he mourned over the memory of past days, when William was a child, and how he longed for the time, which never would come—no, never—when the poor prodigal should penitently return, to be received with warm embraces, and compassion and forgiveness. All this my grandfather knew that I knew; but he did not know that I had ever seen this wicked uncle of mine; that I had held communication with him three times since his shadow had crossed the sorrowing father's path; that I knew what place he had haunted only three years ago, and something of his mode of life; that I knew this as a secret I had been forbidden to reveal; and that I guessed at another secret concerning William Bix which I would not venture to reveal. Well, there

was nothing really wrong in my keeping this knowledge, any part of it or all of it, from my grandfather. It would have done him no good to know it: it might even have made him more unhappy about his William than he was already. I was bound, in honour to Mr. Falconer and to Betsy Miller, to keep silence about my first introduction to my uncle, and, in a kind of honour to my uncle himself, to keep silence about my later intercourse with him. I repeat, therefore, that I was not wrong in keeping my knowledge to myself. But I was sorry that I had it in my keeping, and when I saw my grandfather, in his unwonted manifestations of anguish, mourning over his poor, wayward, wandering boy—ah, yes, I wished I could comfort him (which I could not do) by saying, "This thy son, which was dead, shall live again; and, though lost, he shall be found." No, the secret knowledge I had of my uncle would have brought no comfort to my grandfather, but to hold that knowledge without sharing it with him made me feel as though I were guilty.

Some such thoughts as these passed in a muddling sort of way through my mind as my grandfather sat with his face half covered, and his lips still silently moving, until, presently, he turned again to me, and said, in a livelier air—

"But about this going to school, Hurly. It is, as you say, very kind of Mr. Falconer; and we must, Betsy and I, submit to losing you for a time. There is only one thing that puzzles me."

"What is that, grandfather?" I asked. But my grandfather did not answer me quite directly. He put another question instead.

"What sort of a boy is Marmaduke Tozer?"

"I like him very much, grandfather."

"Yes, yes, you have told me that before. But is he a good boy?"—my grandfather laid great emphasis on the *good*—"is he honest, truthful? Tell me that, Hurly."

"I was there only a week, you know, grandfather," said I, unable to answer the question so satisfactorily as I could have wished, and unwilling to speak of the darker traits of the boy's character which I had observed. For I may as well say here that I had, in the three years which had passed away, been very silent about the deception Marmaduke had endeavoured to practise on his mother, and the consequences of its discovery.

"Well, well, I hope he is open and honest, and then all will be well, I dare say. But what puzzles me," he added, musingly, "is why, with his experience, Mr. Falconer should wish you two boys to be thrown together. However, he knows what he is about, I have no doubt, and I dare say you and Marmaduke will be very good friends. If he is honest and true, I hope you will; not else, Hurly."

A good deal more passed at this time between my grandfather and myself; but I need not repeat it, as it consisted mostly of good advice, which, whatever impression was made on me by it, as falling from his generally taciturn lips, would, perhaps, read dull if written down in these lively memoirs. So I will only say that Betsy Miller received *carte blanche* orders that day to furnish me with all requisites in the way of new clothing; and that during the next month the old house in Silver Square was in as great commotion as though I had been going on some foreign embassy.

Before closing this chapter, however, I may again remark that authors might well despair if they had to account for or explain all the inconsistencies they have to record. What puzzled my grandfather has always

puzzled me; and I can only faintly suppose that Mr. Falconer believed it would be to my future advantage to make the friendship of his intended principal legatee, either forgetting how dearly he himself had paid for schoolboy friendship, or else believing that what had once happened was out of the ordinary course of events, and was not likely to be repeated, on the same argument that the safest spot in a thunderstorm is where a thunderbolt has once fallen.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

A MONTH passed away, and then I was travelling once more into Kent, not this time in a grand carriage, however, but on the outside of a stage-coach. To reach my destination on the same day, I had to rise very early in the morning, and take the earliest coach to Dover, whence I was to be transmitted by a carrier's luggage-cart to St. Judith's. I was unaccompanied by any protector, but my grandfather gave the guard of the coach a handsome fee to take care of me during the journey, and to see me and my boxes safely delivered into the charge of old Hanmer, the St. Judith's carrier; so I was under no concern arising from novelty and inexperience.

As it happened, I had very little need of the guardianship thus invoked on my behalf; for on one of the early stages of the journey two lads mounted the coach and took their seats beside me.

"Going to school?" said the elder of the two, addressing me when the coach was again in motion.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"To St. Judith's," I answered.

"Oh, my!" said the young gentleman. "Isn't your name Johnny Newcome?" he asked.

"No: George Burley."

"He means aren't you a new boy at school?" interposed the guard, who sat opposite to us, and who felt it his duty, I suppose, to patronize me.

"Oh yes. I have not been to that school before," said I.

"I know that," said the boy. "I say," he continued, turning to his companion, "here's a spree."

"We are going to old Thompson's," explained the younger lad: "the worse luck," he added.

"Don't you like it?" I asked, rather anxiously, I dare say; for there was an expression of disgust on the countenances of both the boys, which made me feel rather uncomfortable.

"Like it! Oh, we are got used to it; but I am sorry for you," said the elder boy. "It is the new boys that come in for the whackings, most of them, and have to do all the dirty work, and eat all the other boys' leavings when they've done dinner."

"I hope you have got plenty of spending-money," said the younger boy, keeping up the ball.

"Yes, I have; I have got as much as I want," I replied.

"Oh! you'll want it fast enough. You haven't a good appetite, perhaps, though?" chimed in the bigger one.

"Not a very bad one, I think," said I, laughing.

"That's a pity, isn't it, Phil?" continued the boy, turning once more to his companion for confirmation.

"Just is," said Philip, sleepily.

"You remember David Smith, Phil?"

"Yes," replied sleepy-head; and so on.

I might give more of this passing schoolboy talk, but it would not be very profitable. Are the schoolboys of the present day wiser, I wonder? After all, the two

boys with whom I was travelling turned out presently to be pleasanter companions than I expected. They told me—that I was sure of all along—that they had only been “cramming” me; that Mr. Thompson was a good sort of man for a schoolmaster; that the boys were most of them good fellows; that the feeding was first-rate, and much more to the same effect. Moreover, when we got to Dover, which was not till late in the day, of course, they took me with them to a friend’s house, where they were expected to tea, and where I had a kindly welcome; and an hour later we were rollicking together like old acquaintances in Job Hammer’s common stage-cart, which, after due time, dropped us and our luggage at the gates of the St. Judith’s school.

That I was received with a good deal of grave kindness by the principal, and with an equal amount of good-humoured, sensible alacrity by his bustling house-keeper, does not take long to tell. And another line or two may be spared for me to say that, in the three years I remained beneath Mr. Thompson’s roof and under his care, I experienced no change in this demeanour. This is saying much, but not more than is due to the memory of my kind old preceptor, and of the methodical lady who managed the domestic affairs of the large and flourishing establishment.

Having paid this tribute of gratitude, I have only to add here that, in consideration of my fatigue after a day’s travelling, I was presently conducted to a large dormitory containing eight or nine beds, double beds too; for those were not the days in which schoolmasters advertised single beds and separate rooms for each pupil. My bed was pointed out to me; indeed, my name was already written on a card and tacked over it, and on another card alongside of it was written the name of Marmaduke Tozer.

So Marmaduke had already arrived, and he was to be my bed-fellow. I thought I would keep awake till he came to bed, then.

But I didn’t. I was soon asleep, and not dreaming of eking out my daily allowance of victuals with either deliciously fat Kentish snails, or with the husks that swine do eat. I was so soundly asleep that I did not wake when the other boys came to bed, nor even when Marmaduke lay down by my side.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MARMADUKE TOZER AGAIN.

THE sound that greeted my ears and roused me from my first refreshing slumber was the loud ringing of a large bell very near to our dormitory; and I opened and rubbed my eyes, and then sat upright in bed, in that sort of stupid wonderment which most persons are apt to experience on being suddenly awakened, especially in a strange bed-room. I soon knew where I was, however, my memory being enlivened by the sight of a number of night-capped heads starting from under the bed-clothes on the opposite side of the dormitory, as well as by a gentle touch on the back which caused me to turn to my bed-fellow.

“How are you, Hurly?” and “How are you, Marmaduke?” and “I am so glad you are come,” and “I am so glad you are here.” Imagine all this spoken.

“There’s twenty minutes allowed for dressing and prayers, Hurly; and then we are off down to the bay for a dip in the sea: this is one of our bathing mornings, you must know. But I was told to tell you that you needn’t get up except you like. Perhaps you would rather rest after your journey?”

“No; I’ll get up and go with you, Marmaduke. I’m so glad to see you;” and then I sprang out of bed.

Twenty minutes later, and I found myself in a spacious playground with nearly a hundred boys of all ages from eight to sixteen, who had descended from their various dormitories, each with a towel in hand, and who were being marshalled in due order by five or six teachers, for the march to the bay. A little later, and we were out in the village, which we soon left behind us after passing a fine old Norman church. Then we reached the brow of a hill, beneath and beyond which the bay spread before us in tranquil beauty. How the whole troop scampered down the hill, scattered themselves on the beach, and were soon splashing in among the green waves, scarcely need be told; nor need I dwell upon the effect produced by my first plunge into salt water. Let it pass.

“Now, Hurly, give me your arm, and let us have a confab,” said Marmaduke, when we were mounting the hill on our return.

I obeyed.

“How long have you been here, Marmaduke?” I asked.

“Call me Duke, if you love me, Hurly—Duke for short—as Sophy always does.”

“Duke, then,” and I repeated my question.

“About a month. Almost as soon as my mother got Mr. Falconer’s letter. And I was as glad to get away from home as she was to get rid of me. Very shocking, is it not, now, for me to say so?”

I thought it was.

“It can’t be helped, I suppose,” said Duke, sullenly; “at least, I know I can’t help it. You never heard what happened after you left, I dare say.”

“No; but I can guess. Don’t say anything about it, Duke,” said I, fancying that he referred to the threatened punishment.

“Oh, I may as well tell you. I ran away, that was all.”

“Ran away! Oh, Marmaduke!”

“Yes, I did, that same night, after I got flogged—it was my last flogging, Hurly. I got out of my bed-room window—it isn’t far to drop, you know—and got among the gipsies—was with them two months. What do you think of that?”

I did not know what to think; I was so sorry to hear Marmaduke talk in that way; and I said so.

“What’s the use of being sorry? It wasn’t bad altogether, for they behaved very well to me, the gipsies did; and I should have turned one myself, and been with them to this day, if it hadn’t been for thinking of Sophy.”

“Ah! but what had that to do with it, Duke?”

“Everything, hadn’t it, stupid? Sophy would never have turned gipsy, would she? So I thought I had best give it up; and I did.”

“But did not your mother know where you were?” I asked.

“Not she. She had me hunted for, sharp enough; but she wouldn’t have found me ever if I hadn’t given myself up.”

“Why not?”

“Have you never heard the song, Hurly, ‘Stain your cheeks with nut and berry; for the gipsy’s life is merry, merry’? That’s how it was. They stained my face and altered me so that nobody would be likely to know me.”

“You gave yourself up, then?”

“Yes; or one of the gipsy fellows did it for me; only he made my mother promise, first, to treat me better if I came back again. There, now you know all about that, Hurly,” continued the boy: “haven’t you anything else to ask?”

I had a question or two to ask, certainly. First, did Marianne Bolster still live with Marmaduke's mother?

"Oh, dear, no. Mother never keeps her servants very long. She has had two or three since Bolster left."

I did not wonder at this when I remembered the red mark I had once seen on the girl's cheek. That question being disposed of, therefore, I asked another.

"Is Sophy grown much?"

"Isn't she?" said Marmaduke. "Why, she is some years old now, you know, and she is more beautiful than ever."

"Do you often see her?" I asked.

"How can I, stupid, while I am here, miles and miles away?"

"I mean did you often see her before you came here, and after you got back from being a gipsy?" I explained.

"I should think I did, too. Do you think I would have gone home again without making sure of that? I go to old Storks's house whenever I like, now, when I am at home."

"Perhaps your mother and Mr. Storks have made up their quarrel?" I suggested.

"No, they haven't; at least, mother has not. *He* never had a quarrel."

"But you don't keep on doing what she does not like, do you, Duke?"

"Oh, come, if you are going to preach, you may cut it short, Hurly," said he. "And, as to doing or not doing, she just told me I might do as I liked: she should not try to interfere any more. If I would have low company, I might; and all that sort of thing, Hurly."

He said this in a tone of deep defiance, which proved that the "hell-weed" was growing and spreading in his heart; and I was sorry for him, for, boy as I was, I felt sure that these feelings would end in no good. I suppose Marmaduke saw that I was shocked, for he said, carelessly—

"There, you needn't look so blue, Hurly; that won't do any good, you know."

I did not think it would, so I asked another question.

"Why does not your mother like the Storks?"

"Oh, only some nonsense of hers about old Storks drawing my father into bad company, and being his pot-house companion. All stuff, Hurly. From all I have ever heard, my father was much more likely to have drawn Storks in."

And this was all I ever heard by way of explanation of Mrs. Tozer's bitter enmity against the gamekeeper and his wife. If there were any deeper reasons, the lady kept them secret.

The conversation I have recorded lasted till we reached the breakfast-room, and there it ended.

A VISIT TO JUAN FERNANDEZ.

THERE is an island wilderness, far in the South Pacific, that has a romantic history, and, in my humble opinion, one that has had something to do with the history of England. I refer to Juan Fernandez.

In the year 1849 I was aboard of a New Bedford whaler that called at this island for wood and water. I stepped upon its shore in Cumberland Bay, on the north part of the island, and landed with an indescribable feeling of interest such as I had never before experienced, even when first landing from a long voyage in a foreign and tropical land. I was on the scene where the romantic adventures of Robinson Crusoe were supposed to have occurred, and, for a moment, the well-remem-

bered enchantment of Defoe's delightful romance again enthralled my spirit.

It was that romance that had first turned my thoughts from school to the cocoa-groves of far-off regions; and, in my wanderings on "the element that never tires," I have met with many who, like me, have been led from home to wander in foreign lands by reading the story of Robinson Crusoe. It is partly for this reason that I have said that Juan Fernandez has had something to do with the history of England. What I felt, thousands have felt. Their love of adventure has been prompted or cherished by reading the story of Defoe, which, therefore, has had much to do with the history of the great maritime power of England. In confirmation of this belief, I have the characteristic remark of a young Irish shipmate, who, on first stepping ashore on Juan Fernandez, observed, "Had it not been for this island, I should not be here now!"

I have stated that I landed on the island with an indescribable feeling of interest. Such must certainly have been the case, for, during the first half-hour of my wanderings along the shore of the bay, my eyes were often trying to discover something of the ruins of Mr. Crusoe's hut. No trace of this distinguished residence was found, but, instead, we saw the dwellings of two Chilean families, and a hut inhabited by two sailors, who immediately wished to drink to our better acquaintance.

The sailors, one of whom was English, and the other American, had a little industry; but, perhaps, this was not much to their credit, for it was apparently only inspired by a love of rum and tobacco. Their industry was displayed in providing for the wants of whaling vessels that occasionally call at the island. They cut wood, and acted as guides in hunting the wild goats on the mountains.

The Chileans did but little more than live. Their principal amusements, we were told, were smoking cigaritas while listening to a young man of one of the families twang a guitar.

Juan Fernandez is about thirteen miles in length, and seven in its greatest breadth, and is situate one hundred and ten leagues from the coast of Chili. It has been the site of many strange scenes. It was once a favourite rendezvous for buccaneers who lived by preying on the Spanish merchant vessels laden with the riches of Chili and Peru.

Many celebrated English navigators, such as Dampier, Byron, and Lord Anson, have visited the island. The visit of the latter was made in the year 1741, or about thirty-one years after Alexander Selkirk, whose history suggested to Defoe the tale of Robinson Crusoe, had been removed from the island.

Anson and his squadron had had a long and stormy passage round Cape Horn, and the crews of the vessels, on reaching the island, were dying with scurvy. So enervated were all by this disease, that they could hardly bring the vessels to anchor. On board the "Centurion," the commodore's ship, two hundred and ninety-two men had been lost; and of the two hundred and fourteen that remained, nearly all were affected with the disease.

The "Gloucester," another of Anson's ships, lost an equal number of men, and on entering Cumberland Bay, after being a month vainly endeavouring to work in, there were but eighty-two men alive, and the most of them were in a dying state. A few days more and the vessel would have drifted about the ocean, a floating coffin for a few of those who had once comprised its crew.

So wonderful is the effect of fresh vegetable food and

fish in combating the disease of scurvy, that a residence of three months, living on the antiscorbutic food growing on the island in great variety, restored to perfect health all except a few who were too far gone with the disease, and were only taken ashore to die.

Juan Fernandez is a very fertile island, and in this respect it cannot, perhaps, be better described than by one or two quotations from Anson's voyages, wherein it is stated that "the excellence of the climate and looseness of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation; for if the ground be anywhere accidentally turned up, it is immediately overgrown with turnips and Sicilian radishes."

Again, in the same work, it is stated that "some particular spots occur in these valleys, where the shade and fragrance of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, the transparency and frequent falls of the neighbouring streams, present scenes of such elegance and dignity as would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe. It is in this place, perhaps, that the simple productions of unassisted nature may be said to excel all the fictitious descriptions of the most animated imagination."

If this could be said of the island then, who shall describe it at the time of my visit in 1849, when its productions had been wonderfully increased, and principally by Commodore Anson's efforts? He planted on the island many seeds, besides the stones of apricots, plums, and peaches; and a large variety of the best fruit, unknown on the island in Anson's time, is now growing there.

Eight years after Anson's visit the Spaniards established a penal settlement at Juan Fernandez. The convicts were kept part of the time in some caves in a high hill facing the harbour. In 1751 this settlement was broken up by an earthquake which destroyed thirty-five people, including the governor and his family.

Not long after Chili obtained its independence from Spain, its government established another penal settlement on the island, and the place again became a scene of murders and mutinies, until the island was deserted.

Some families from Chili once came to reside on the island, and were joined by some sailors who had absconded from a whaler. The sailors could or would not conduct themselves in a proper manner, and were all killed by the Chilians.

The island was again deserted, the Chilians being taken to Valparaiso, where they were tried for murder and acquitted.

Extremes meet. Juan Fernandez, with all its resemblance to what we may call a paradise, sometimes exhibits a little evidence that man alone may be vile amidst scenes of natural innocence and loveliness.

In 1835 a volcanic eruption took place at sea one mile from the land, in four hundred and eighty feet of water. For twenty-four hours, smoke, water, and fire were thrown into the sky.

From each of the many settlements that have been made on the island and afterwards broken up, various domestic animals, such as goats, dogs, cats, and donkeys, have been left to look after themselves, and at the time of our visit were running wild, the dogs being at war with all the others. In this war the goats are the favourite game of the dogs, and they would long ago have been exterminated, had nature not endowed them with the ability of leaping from rock to rock on the mountains, and thus gaining places where they are safe from the pursuit of their enemies.

We stayed three days at the island, and one of those days was devoted by the officers to the amusement and

business of goat-hunting. I was then foolish enough to think myself fortunate in being one of the crew who was chosen to accompany them in the hunt. The two runaway sailors who had made the island their home acted as guides, and we started for the mountains.

On our way up the valleys we passed groves of fruit-trees, several varieties being in full bearing. This was in the latter part of December; and on the sides of the little hillocks we found the ground red with wild strawberries.

The native forest trees, or those not introduced into the island by Anson and others, are nearly all aromatic. The largest tree on the island is the myrtle, but we saw none of these that could be called large.

Although the forests, unlike those of most islands of the Pacific, are free from undergrowth, our journey to the mountains was not free from much toil; for our guides, in place of leading us up one winding valley, conducted us over many of the hills that divided several. The fatigue, however, of climbing the hills and crossing the streams, under a hot sun, was endured with a strange feeling of satisfaction that I have never met with while visiting the lions of a large city.

The island is a place no thinking mariner can visit without emotions peculiar to his profession. I was on a lone and nearly an uninhabited island, one that should be the abode of several thousands of people, but one that had often proved fatal to those who had striven to tame the wilderness, and seems doomed to be a place where there shall only be enough of human life to feel that the island can be a home for solitude—about which, I suppose, Alexander Selkirk's poetical opinion is also the practical one.

"O solitude! where are thy charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own."

The valleys and hills we crossed had once been familiar to the adventurous men who sailed with the old English and Spanish navigators of whom I had been in childhood so delighted to read. I could nearly fancy that the footsteps of the long departed should be distinctly seen. When viewing the historical scenes of thickly and long inhabited lands, this feeling cannot so strongly arise. The streets and fields we behold are trodden every day by many feet, and we cannot fancy that we may have been their only visitors since the time to which our memory strays.

The goats on the island are not easily obtained. They are constantly hunted by the wild dogs, and occasionally by the officers of whaling vessels. On our approaching them they fled to their well-known retreats on the mountains, from which they seldom stray far. They are not now as they have been described by the poet Cowper, in his beautiful lines upon "Alexander Selkirk;" for they were so well "acquainted with man" that their "tamelessness" was anything but "shocking" to us. After about four hours' hard work, we obtained three goats. Three or four others were shot, but fell in places inaccessible to us, and had, to our regret at the needless slaughter, to be left, like Selkirk, "out of humanity's reach."

The goats' flesh was an agreeable change from our usual "salt horse" and pork; but I believe that the dinner we made of them was made most agreeable by the fancy of most of the men that they were eating some of "Crusoe's goats."

During the night of the third day at the island the anchor was hove, and in a few hours we "ran the place under water," with the hope that we should never see it again. Independent of its romantic associations, Juan Fernandez is worth seeing once; but whoever sees it twice is unfortunate—unfortunate in wandering too long and far for happiness. From its position on the globe—its loneliness, its beauty, and fertility—the island hardly seems, to a native of Europe, a part of this earth, but a fragment of another. This assertion, applicable to its loveliness as well as its loneliness, is partly confirmed by an observation I once heard made by a sailor, who boasted that he had been "all over the world and to Juan Fernandez!" I have wandered over most regions of the globe, habited and uninhabited, but of none do I retain more romantic recollections than of the island of Robinson Crusoe.

GUIZOT.

I.

In speaking concerning M. Guizot we are unavoidably embarrassed by the multiplicity and variety of our materials. For, in the largest sense, this most illustrious Frenchman has both written history and lived history. Moreover, both the works which he has written, and the active works which he has personally accomplished, are manifold, and need definition and classification. As a regular historian, M. Guizot has written works which will permanently occupy a place on the historic shelf, and his labours in this direction are especially interesting to Englishmen, since various of his writings have been devoted to English subjects. Like many ancient authors and our own Clarendon, he has written his own "Memoirs," a work of the highest value for contemporary history; and in these personal memoirs he has fully sustained the part of an impartial historian. The history which he has written is of a somewhat peculiar character. It affords the highest example of what is called the philosophy of history; as a philosophic historian, he is one of the greatest whom the world has ever produced. Moreover, M. Guizot has been a very great orator and statesman—a great orator in days when France enjoyed free liberty of discussion and a parliamentary government, and a great statesman whose private history is for a time merged in public history, in the history of France and of the world.

In the "Memoirs" to which we have alluded, M. Guizot has very simply, and with admirable tact, glanced at his career, rendering his personal interest entirely subservient to the wise and statesmanlike views which he takes of all the great events of the remarkable days in which his lot has been cast. He tells us that Talleyrand one day said to him, "He who has not lived in the years near 1789 does not know what is the pleasure of living." He tells us that, by a happy chance, he was introduced into the society that best represented the traditions of the last century, when very young, perfectly obscure, without any title to it except some slight presumption that he had ability, a certain amount of knowledge, and a taste ever fresh for noble pleasures, for literature and good company. He had the happiness of forming the friendship, among others, of the illustrious Châteaubriand. Before he was five-and-twenty he had annotated Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and had been nominated to the chair of Modern History in the University of Paris. But it is well that our readers should form some acquaintance with the charming work which must, of course, be a main authority for any sketch of

his life. We will translate the opening passage of the "Memoirs:" "I do what most of my contemporaries of late have not done; I publish my memoirs while I am still here to answer for them. It is not because I am tired of repose, or because I would open for old contests a small arena, in default of the great one now closed. I have contended greatly in my life, and with ardour. Old age and retirement have shed for me a peace over the past. It is from a sky profoundly serene that I, to-day, turn my looks towards that horizon charged with so many storms. I attentively sound my soul, and I find therein no feeling that embitters my recollections. The absence of bitterness allows much freedom. It is personality which tampers with or denies the truth. Wishing to speak of my own time and of my own life, I would rather do so from the brink than from the depth of the tomb. For myself, I find in this way more of dignity; and, as respects others, I shall bring to my task more scrupulousness in my judgments and in my words. If complaints arise—and I cannot flatter myself that I shall altogether avoid them—men shall not say that I have been unwilling to listen to them, or that I have withdrawn myself from the responsibility of my works."

M. Guizot was born at Nîmes, in the French department of Gard, in 1787. His father was a barrister. At the breaking out of the French Revolution his father had joyfully embraced those new revolutionary opinions which to many ardent minds seemed the precursor of a happier age, but withdrew with horror from the cruel atrocities in which they resulted. It was his lot to become one of the victims of this age of horrors. He died under circumstances of great heroism. It was in his power to have escaped, but, finding that his gaoler might be fatally compromised, he nobly refused to do so. The circumstance is still remembered in the province. The Guizots were a devoted Protestant family. The widow, after her husband's death, sedulously devoted herself to the education of her children; and M. Guizot is one more example of the good sons of good mothers. They removed to Switzerland, that "rock of ice and brave men," as M. Guizot has called it. At Geneva he obtained an education of great variety and completeness. He became versed in the ancient languages, and spoke the principal modern tongues—English, German, and Italian—with the facility of a native. Coming up to Paris, he soon became known, and, as we have seen, obtained powerful friends. Among the old aristocracy of France the reputation of his talents stood most high. His first step in politics was the office of Secretary to M. Royer-Collard, the Minister of the Interior. The return of Napoleon from Elba displaced him. M. Guizot saw clearly enough that the Empire of the Hundred Days could not possibly endure. It had hardly a single element of stability. M. Guizot had all a Frenchman's admiration for the genius of Napoleon, but a moral hatred for the cruelty and perfidy which characterized his career. In the May preceding the battle of Waterloo he resorted to Ghent, where Louis XVIII then was. The active political animosity which then existed in France against M. Guizot has sought to pervert the object of his visit, as if he was taking part with foreigners against his country. He has himself given a very different explanation. He says that he clearly foresaw that the King would be restored, and that it was well for him to seize a favourable opportunity to instil moderate counsels into the royalist party, then depressed, but presently to be triumphant.

After the time of the second restoration, M. Guizot continued his brilliant career as a writer and politician.

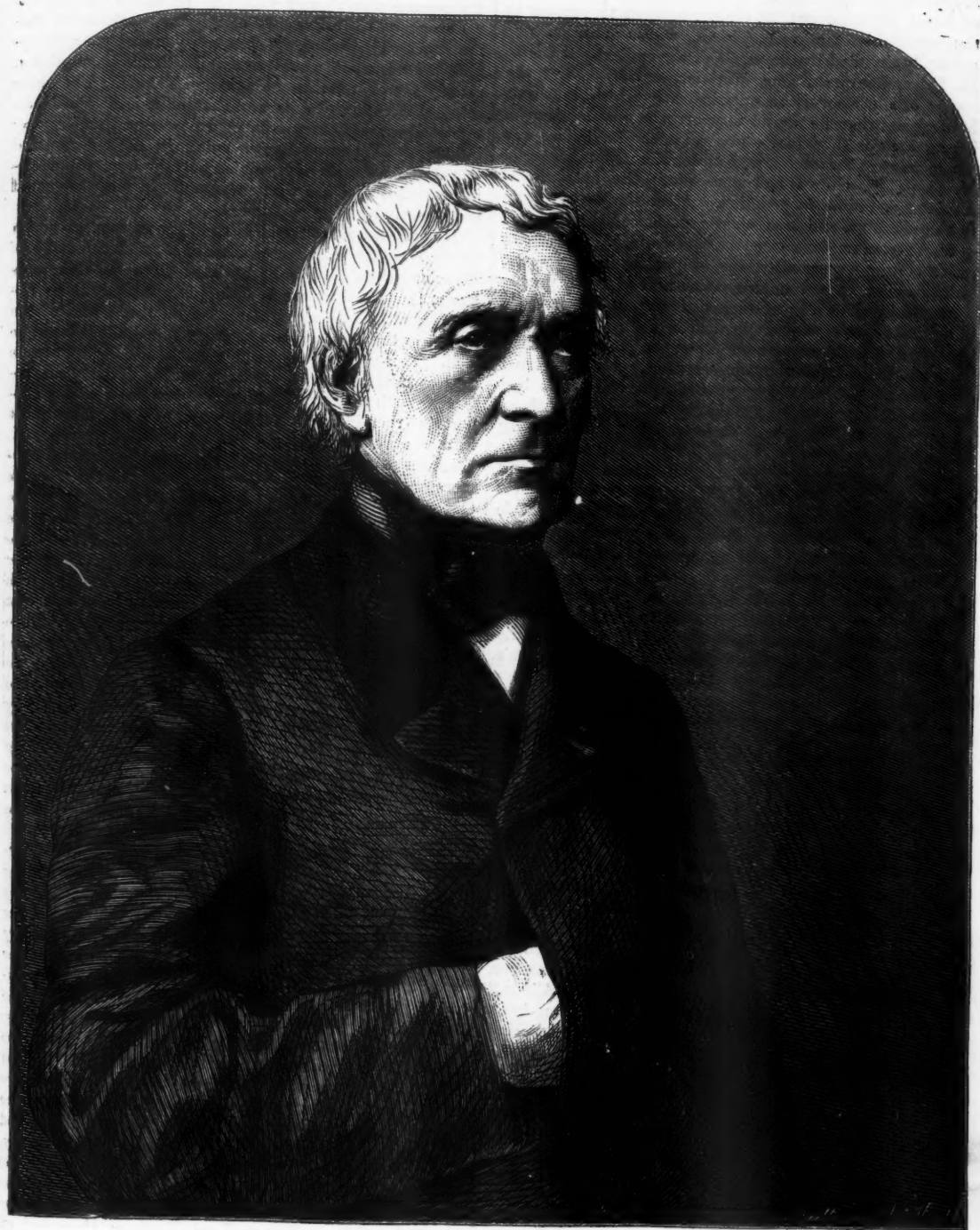
He became one of the foremost journalists of France. This is a high position, which can hardly be appreciated in England. Prince Metternich used to say that, if he was not Prime Minister of Austria, he should like to be a journalist of Paris. A Parisian journalist, unlike an English journalist, is universally known by name, and, at least in the time of constitutional France, wielded a measure of real influence and power. This avocation also brought to pass the happiest event of his domestic life. He formed the acquaintance of a lady some years his senior, Mademoiselle de Meulan, widely known in literary society, and the conductress of a periodical. The lady editor fell ill. She received an anonymous offer of assistance. The offer was, with some hesitation, accepted, and the new coadjutor soon proved his powers. In a few weeks' time M. Guizot made himself known; the acquaintance ripened into a steady friendship, and, after some years, ended appropriately in marriage. M. Guizot appears to have enjoyed a rare domestic felicity. From some brief extracts which he has published from his wife's letters, we perceive how entire was her sympathy with her noble-minded husband, and what a haven his home evermore was to him amid the storms of political life. Madame Guizot was in every respect worthy of her husband. She has helped to render his name illustrious by her own writings. She is one of the most valuable and best-known authoresses of France. Her name and rank will be assigned with those of Madame de Sevigné or Madame de Genlis. He had the unhappiness of losing her after some years of married life. In a vein of grave and touching feeling he has told us of his domestic calamities—the death of his wife, and the death of a son. He remarried, his second wife being a relative of the first, and, as it were, bequeathed to him on her death-bed. She also attained to some literary eminence, and she also died young.

We now glance at the political career of M. Guizot. He and his party obtained the appellation of *Doctrinaires*. The title was hardly meant as a compliment, but it was readily accepted by those to whom it was attached; for they understood by this, we suppose, that their views were not those of expediency, but of principle; that they entertained well-defined and well-considered views on politics. The term *Doctrinaire*, in French history, corresponds, not very remotely, with the term *Trimmer* in English history. Macaulay tells us how Lord Halifax, the great Trimmer of his day, gladly accepted the title, and wrote triumphantly in its vindication. After the Restoration Guizot was appointed Secretary to the Minister of Justice, which he only held for a few months, and not without strong censure from the ultra-Royalists. He employed himself in writing pamphlets from his point of view as a constitutional Royalist. But the Government was not content with this. In 1818 he had been made a Councillor of State (*Conseiller d'Etat*), and took an active part in much important legislation. Then came the assassination of the Duc de Berri, which made the Royalists more than ever extreme, and they looked with suspicion on the *Doctrinaires*. Many of them were dismissed, and M. Guizot resigned. He then went into opposition, the perfect model of a parliamentary opposition. Nothing factious or revolutionary can be traced to his pen. His pamphlets against the Villèle ministry were designed simply to mark clearly his own political situation and its justification. He resumed his lectures at the Sorbonne, and attracted crowded audiences: not only enthusiastic students, but all the thoughtful public of Paris were virtually his listeners. The officials of the Government

took the alarm, and the lectures were suspended. He then addressed himself exclusively to literary labours. He published a complete edition of Shakespeare, and worked sedulously at English and French history. He issued, in twenty-six volumes, a collection of memoirs relating to the English Revolution; and, in thirty-one volumes, a collection of memoirs relating to the history of France up to the thirteenth century. Such was the massive character of his historical undertakings. Among other writings, he wrote a paper on Calvin, and a work on celebrated Protestants. An early work on the Fine Arts, their nature and relation, ought also to be mentioned, which, with M. Guizot's help, has been translated into English by Mr. Grove. He started a periodical, called the "Globe," and the "Revue Française," the last published every two months. After a time the ministry allowed M. Guizot and others to resume their long-interrupted course of lectures, which was done, to the great satisfaction of the Parisian public. He was afterwards restored to his position as *Conseiller d'Etat*. In the "Temps" and the "Débats" he advertised his political views; and his works respectively on the "History of Civilization in Europe," and the "History of the Civilization of France," summed up his greatest contributions to history and the philosophy of history. Thus, then, passed his time till the Revolution of 1830.

In that revolution he took a large share. He was one of the founders and ruling spirits of the society "Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera" (Help yourself, and Heaven will help you), the object of which was to ensure throughout France the freedom of elections. In the press he thundered against the madness of the Polignac ministry. In 1830 he was first elected a member of the French Chamber. He threw himself into the vehement hostility against Polignac common to the whole liberal press of France, and his sentiments became more revolutionary than at any other time, past or future, of his career. But at this time the good sense of the whole French community took part against Charles x. Great things took place in the Chamber of 1830. Not only did M. Guizot first make his appearance, but the magical eloquence of M. Berryer was then first heard in the French senate. But the events of the year 1830 belong to general history, and we must endeavour to keep ourselves strictly to a memoir of M. Guizot; only it must be remembered that the course he then took was really one of the great moving causes of the Revolution, although, when the monarchy was falling, he made an ineffectual attempt to procure an accommodation. He vehemently supported the successful attempt to transfer the fallen throne of Charles x to the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe. When the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom was offered to the Duke of Orleans, it was M. Guizot's skilful hand that drew up the proclamation of the principles of the new Government, and that did the best to ensure its popularity. When the Duke of Orleans became King Louis Philippe, he made Guizot his Minister of the Interior.

He did not, however, long continue in this position. In the same year the *Doctrinaires* were excluded from the government. In 1832 he was again in office, as Minister of Public Instruction. In this great department he carried out many important reforms. The law of the 28th of June, 1833, concerning primary education, was prepared by himself, and the result was that within a very short time nine thousand village school-rooms were raised for the instruction of the village poor. In the meanwhile he had made a great oratorical reputation for himself in the Chamber. In the same ministry with



2
Gibson

him was M. Thiers, and between these two great writers and politicians a strong animosity and rivalry seems always to have prevailed. Only at the personal request of Louis Philippe did M. Guizot consent to remain in the same ministry as M. Thiers, whose ambition was generally dreaded by the whole of the cabinet. In 1836 M. Thiers became Prime Minister, and M. Guizot the leader of a Conservative opposition, in which, however, he declared that he would support the new ministry if it remained faithful to its programme. M. Thiers was not in power six months, and under the new ministry of M. Molé, M. Guizot had once more the portfolio of Minister of Public Instruction. Alterations were made in the ministry, and M. Guizot experienced the like fate of M. Thiers, in being removed from office. These two great statesmen, each looking at politics in a different point of view, united in this point, that of being deeply wounded by their common exclusion from office. The two illustrious statesmen formed a coalition, but, like most coalitions, it was not of the most satisfactory nature. This sufficed to ruin the ministry, but not to construct a new one. "The jealousy of the two rival chiefs had become such that the one could not be admitted without alienating the adherents of the other, and, both aspiring to the lead, would accept of no inferior situation." At last M. Thiers was made minister. "Rivals in politics and literature, M. Thiers and M. Guizot were too brilliant stars to shine in the same hemisphere." It was possible that they might act in concert if they could act apart. M. Thiers was Premier: M. Guizot was sent as ambassador to England.

It was in 1840 M. Guizot was sent to London as ambassador. Amid the complicated difficulties that arose out of the state of affairs in the East, M. Guizot had to discharge his difficult mission at the court of St. James's. Of this embassy he has himself written an account in a volume of surpassing interest. It is remarkable that, familiar as he was with English literature and history, this was the first visit he had ever made to England. "I reached London towards the close of the morning. I had travelled under a clear cold sun, which entered, like myself, into the vast fog of the city, and suddenly became extinguished there. London conveys the idea of unlimited space, filled with men incessantly and silently displaying their activity and their power." He lived alone in Hertford House, Manchester Square, feeling that he was "surrounded by a hive of bees who worked without humming." Lord Palmerston introduced him to the Queen and Prince Albert. "I was struck with the political intelligence, which, though with much reserve, intermingled itself in the conversation of Prince Albert." He found the Duke of Wellington aged, thin, bent, speaking feebly and waveringly; "but, once entering into conversation, all his firm and accurate intellect still manifested itself, though with labour, and sustained by the energy of his will. He apologized for not having yet called upon me according to custom. 'I was in the country,' he said: 'I require the country.' The physical decline was striking when associated with the moral vigour and public importance still unimpaired." "On Thursday I dined for the first time with the Queen. Neither during the dinner nor in the drawing-room afterwards was the conversation animated or interesting. Political subjects were entirely avoided. We sat round a circular table before the Queen, who was on a sofa; two or three of her ladies were endeavouring to talk; Prince Albert played at chess; Lady Palmerston and I with some effort carried on a flagging conversation." The main point which M. Guizot had to carry was that Mehmet Ali should be allowed to retain possession of

Syria, to which the English Government was strongly disinclined. M. Guizot strove hard to persuade Lord Palmerston, for he knew that on a foreign question Lord Palmerston would carry with him the rest of the cabinet. "You possess the Regency of Algiers," said Lord Palmerston to M. Guizot. "Between you and your Egyptian friend what would remain? Scarcely anything, merely the poor states of Tanis and Tripoli. The whole coast of Africa, and a part of that of Asia in the Mediterranean, would then be in your power and under your influence. That would never suit us." M. Guizot tried to persuade the English ministry of the equity and disinterestedness of the French intentions, but they could not or would not be persuaded.

He was more successful in the famous request which he made at the instance of M. Thiers, that the body of Napoleon should be brought back from St. Helena to Paris, that the Emperor's dying request might be fulfilled, that his ashes might repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the people whom he had loved so well. It is now unquestionable that Louis Philippe made a great mistake for the interests of his dynasty in preferring such a request. The bringing back of the Emperor's remains manifested and evoked throughout France a wonderful amount of Bonapartist feeling. M. Guizot speaks of the "noble" words in which Lord Palmerston notified the necessary consent of the English Government: "Her Majesty's Government hopes that the promptitude of this reply will be considered in France as a proof of its wish to eradicate all traces of those national animosities which during the life of the Emperor armed the French and English nations against each other. Her Majesty's Government feels confident that if such sentiments still exist in any quarter, they will be buried in the tomb wherein the remains of Napoleon are about to be deposited." Accordingly the Prince de Joinville went out to St. Helena for this purpose, and was treated with every delicacy and consideration by the English. M. Guizot mentions the remarkable fact that the present Emperor of the French, then residing privately in London, had formed the idea, which he seems subsequently to have abandoned, of equipping a vessel with the object of rescuing the body from Orleanist hands.

M. Guizot relates a visit which he made to Westminster Abbey in the company of Macaulay. "During three or four hours I wandered with Mr. Macaulay through that monumental gallery of England and her families. I stopped him or he stopped me at every step, at one time in reply to my questions, at another anticipating them. He explained an allegorical monument, related an anecdote little known, or recited some beautiful passage from the writers or orators whose names we encountered. We passed before the statue of Lord Chatham, with his head elevated and his arm advanced, as if enforcing a burst of eloquence; before him at his feet was inscribed on a simple stone the name of William Pitt, placed there until the completion and substitution of the monument dedicated to his memory. 'Might not one say,' observed Mr. Macaulay, 'that the father rises, and then publicly delivers the funeral oration of his son?' And at this point some of the most beautiful speeches of Lord Chatham thronged on his memory, from which he quoted select passages. The monuments of the great writers, whether in prose or verse, called forth the same abundant display, the same inspiration of memory. Milton and Addison were favourites with him, and he detained me several minutes before their names, gratifying himself by recalling incidents of their lives or passages from their works, almost

as much as he excited my delight in listening to him. A bas-relief which commemorated an incident in the great war between England and her American colonies struggling for their independence, stood before us. 'Look at that figure without a head,' observed Mr. Macaulay: 'it is Washington. Some zealous English patriot, hiding himself, no doubt, by night, and still enraged against that rebel leader, gratified his spleen by breaking off his head; it was restored; some time after it was broken off again; no further attempt has been made to replace it. It is thus that the patriots of a country understand and treat those of a rival state.' This entire visit filled us with delight and interest. As the illustrious dead of Italy issued from their tombs at the passing of Dante, so did the great celebrities of English history and literature rise up before us at the voice of a worthy representative." There is something intensely interesting in this picture of the two great historians of France and England, in the utter absence of any rivalry of opinion or of race, thus visiting the immortal Abbey, and exchanging impressions and recollections. Such a passage also as the following is very interesting:—"When I was wearied with diplomatic conversation, despatches, business, and the solitude of my house, I walked alone in the parks of London, or at a greater distance, in the environs of the city. Regent's Park particularly pleased me. It is separated from the crowded districts; the space is immense, the verdure fresh, the waters clear, the clumps of trees still young. I found there two qualities combined which rarely associate—extent and grace. I seldom encountered or recognised any one. In complete solitude and in presence of nature we forget isolation."

The ambassador's pleasant days received, however, a rude shock. On the 15th of July a treaty was arranged between the four great powers, Austria, England, Prussia, Russia, for the regulation of the Eastern question, which should prevent the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, and should restrain Mehemet Ali within defined limits. This treaty was made altogether irrespective of France. A greater shock could not have been offered to French vanity, or French legitimate pride. France was excluded from the councils of Europe. Her advocacy of the Egyptian claims was entirely set at nought. M. Guizot tells us that the French cabinet felt discontented, vexed, surprised, and wounded. He must himself have largely participated in these feelings. The anger throughout France against the ministry and against the ambassador was excessive. For a short time there was every probability of a general war. At this time the scheme for the fortifications of Paris was brought forward. By-and-by came the news that Acre was in possession of the English, and Mehemet Ali was driven out of Syria. To the grief and rage of the French people, their fleet, then more than a match for the English, was recalled from the coast of Syria. "I do not believe in war," M. Guizot had written to his most intimate friends, "but I am quite as uneasy as if I did. All, absolutely all that concerns me, is involved in this question; my dearest personal interests, the most important political interests of my country, and of myself with my country. And all this is in course of decision without me, far from me—in Syria by the cannon of Napier, in Paris by the councils of a cabinet of which I am not a member. My reason persists in its confidence. I do not believe in war, but my mind is full of anxiety. I have never been so disturbed." The danger of war passed by, but, under this load of unpopularity, the cabinet of M. Thiers wavered and tottered to the fall.

Before M. Guizot returned to France, he made a farewell visit to Windsor Castle, where the Queen had invited him to spend a few days. He found himself treated with marked kindness; a little, he was gratified to think, from esteem and partiality; a little because he was returning to France. He left London on the 25th of October, and arrived in Paris on the next day. While M. Guizot was in England, Mrs. Fry entertained him at dinner. "I found there, with the Quakers—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and probably other Dissenters, all maintaining their individual creeds and characteristics, and still united in a common sentiment of liberal and kindly piety. Amongst Mrs. Fry's children several had ceased to be Quakers, and had rejoined the Church of England. They were not the less esteemed or at ease in their own family. It was evident that respect for religious freedom and sincere faith had sufficiently penetrated all their hearts to maintain good-will and peace in the bosom of differences in opinion." Mrs. Fry, in her "Memoirs," has an allusion to this occasion. "Upton Lane, the seventh day of the seventh month. Yesterday we had the French Ambassador to dinner, and a numerous company. These are serious occasions for me. I ask myself whether it is right to give a dinner that costs so much, whether any good can result from it, and if on the approach of death we should thus employ our time. On the other hand, after the extreme kindness evinced towards us in France, even by the Government, we truly owe the French some token of attention. Moreover, it is just and Christianlike to show hospitality to strangers, and I do not think it can be wrong to receive them, in a certain degree, as they are accustomed to live. My dread is, that I did not sufficiently employ their time to advance the important subjects with which we ought always to be occupied. I tried to do so a little, but not, I fear, sufficiently." M. Guizot has himself seen and quoted this passage. "Mrs. Fry might have satisfied herself," he writes. "She did not neglect this opportunity for religious and moral conversation. It is true, also, that she took some pleasure in causing to be brought into the drawing-room a large portfolio, and in showing me the portraits and letters of important persons, elevated in rank or intellect, with whom she had been in communication. A strong-minded and excellent woman, born to console, convert, and command. . . . Wherever she had travelled in France and Germany, as in England, Mrs. Fry had left a strong impression on all who had seen her, on the great, as on the disinherited of the earth, on the ornaments and outcasts of society, by her ardour and by her Christian and philanthropic power."

M. Guizot keenly watched religious life in England. We make no apology for quoting his interesting notice of the late Archbishop Whately:—

"Among the English prelates with whom I became acquainted, the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whately, a correspondent of our Institute, both interested and surprised me. His mind appeared to me original and well cultivated; startling and ingenious rather than profound in philosophic and social science; a most excellent man, thoroughly disinterested, tolerant, and liberal, and, in the midst of his unwearying activity and exhaustless flow of conversation, strangely absent, familiar, confused, eccentric, amiable, and engaging, no matter what impoliteness he might commit, or what propriety he might forget. He was to speak, on the 13th of April, in the House of Lords, in reply to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter, on the question of the clergy reserves in Canada. 'I am not sure,' said Lord Holland to me, 'that, in his indiscreet sincerity, he may

not say he sees no good reason why there should be a bench of bishops in the House of Peers.' He did not speak, for the debate was adjourned, but on that occasion, as on all others, he would certainly not have sacrificed to the interests of his order the smallest particle of what he regarded either as true or for the public good."

These extracts bring us to the religious side of the life and writings of M. Guizot. From time to time he has written essays on moral and religious subjects, part of which have been collected into a volume. We give a few brief extracts, which appear to us representative of their author. "It would not be worth while to live if we gathered from a long life no other fruit than a little experience and prudence in the affairs of this world against the moment of leaving it. The prospect of human affairs, and the inward trials of the soul, afford brighter gleams, which spread themselves over the mysteries of nature, and the destiny of man, and of this universe in the midst of which man is placed. I have received from practical life deeper insight into these formidable questions than meditation and science have ever given me. . . . There is among Christians, of whatever church, a common faith. They believe in a Divine revelation contained in the Gospels, and in Jesus Christ, who came upon earth to save the lost. For Christians of whatever church there is now a common cause. They have to maintain Christian faith and law against impiety and anarchy. This faith and this necessity, common to all Christians, are of infinitely greater moment than all the differences which separate them. . . .

"To-day, while occupying ourselves very much, and justly, with the material sufferings and fatigue which are shared by so many, we forget too much the moral fatigues and sufferings of which all partake; the trials, the agonies of the soul, the mistakes, the *ennui*, the anguish—in short, the universal lot of man—which are the more poignant as the mind has more freedom and life more leisure. High or low, rich or poor, the *élite* or the multitude, let us pity each other, let us pity every one. We are all, as we advance in our career, 'weary and heavy laden;' we all deserve pity. . . . The disorder is within ourselves, and, were every other source dried up, would arise from ourselves and our own will. An inequality of suffering is amongst the providential laws of our destiny. It is at once superiority and infirmity, greatness and misery. As immortal beings, neither the secrets of our lot nor the limits of our ambition are on this earth, and the life we lead here is but a very short scene of the unknown life which awaits us." "Regulate institutions as you will, distribute all enjoyment as you please, neither your wisdom nor your wealth will suffice. The liberty of man is stronger than the institutions of society: the mind of man is greater than worldly goods. There will always be found in him more desires than social knowledge can regulate or satisfy, more sufferings than it can either prevent or cure." . . .

"It may be said that Christianity has made monks; yet never was a religion less monkish. Opposed to this day in the very country which saw its birth, Christianity spreads to the east and west, to the north and south; it penetrates the old monarchies of Asia and the deep forests of Germany, the schools of Athens and of Rome, the wandering tribes of the desert; and nowhere does it disturb itself about traditions, institutions, governments: it allies itself, and lives in peace with the most diverse societies; it knows that everywhere and amidst all the variety of social forms it can pursue its

own work, this truly religious work, the regeneration and safety of the soul. . . . The lot of Protestantism in France has been hard. It has had against it the king and the people, the *littérati* of the seventeenth, the philosophers of the eighteenth century: at one time it appeared as if extirpated by Catholicism, at another as if absorbed by philosophy. It has yielded neither to persecution nor ridicule. It still exists, and is no sooner restored to liberty than it exhibits all its ancient fervour."

A DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

OUR only servant, Sally Single, was taken ill on "Boxing-day"—"all along," as she phrased it, "of the goose and plum-pudding, and the remains of the dessert on the day before," which had strangely disagreed with her. She had to go to bed, and the doctor was sent for, and after several days of physicking and slopping he brought her round a little, but strictly forbade her making any active exertion, advising at the same time that she should visit her native place, and stay there until she had fully recovered her strength. So we had to pack her off by rail to Norton Bumpsted, after sending news to her mother; and this was not accomplished until the house had become a sad scene of discomfort and disorder.

But who was to fill Sally's place? A widower, with only one child, and she just rising in her teens, and barely escaped from boarding-school, is in a rather forlorn and awkward position, with no domestic servant. There was nothing else for it but to put up with Mrs. Brown, the charwoman, who had been in and out, waiting on Sally during the poor girl's illness, and who now as a matter of course assumed the management. But attached to Mrs. Brown was a rather large handful of small Browns, who required her attendance at home several times in the day, and whom, of course, she had to gather under her wing at night; and one or two of whom were generally with her in the kitchen, assisting, it is to be supposed, in her various duties.

It was an unfortunate time for filling up the vacancy in our household: the weather was wet, foggy, sloppy, and windy, and all that was disagreeable; domestic servants were at an awful premium—whole columns of advertisements were crying out for them in the daily papers, some of the applicants, as I gloomily observed, bidding desperately high for their preference; while the register offices in our district exhibited long lists, not of servants wanting places, but of places wanting servants. My little daughter, however, put a good face on the matter, and, braving the weather with cloak, umbrella, and overshoes, traversed the neighbourhood with inquiries, paying fees at the register offices, and putting an advertisement in our local newspaper, in which we had more faith than in the big dailies.

As day succeeded day I grew less and less resigned to the rule of Mrs. Brown, who, if she was a "bright peculiar star" in her sphere, could certainly boast of a good many satellites. One might, perhaps, with more propriety have ranked her with the marsupial tribe of animals, so constantly was she begirt in all her movements by a group of the young B's, who revolved around her everywhere, "up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber." I should not have cared much about this, having no dislike to the prattle of little children, if the exploits of the good woman had been satisfactory in other respects; but this, I am bound to say, they were not. When I rose in the morning, my shaving-water was never forthcoming in time, and when it did come it wasn't hot. She had a

rooted antipathy to answering the door, and seemed to expect that we should do that ourselves; so that people had often to repeat their summonses again and again. She would polish my boots with black-lead instead of Day and Martin's blacking, and would brush my overcoat with the same brush that served for the boots. She had not the knack of getting the dust off the furniture, and could never succeed in kindling a fire without filling the room with smoke; and she did, or rather did not do, fifty other things in the same felicitous way—and, which was annoying, always seemed to do them immensely to her own satisfaction. She had one apology for all her shortcomings whenever a complaint was made—an apology the force of which it is impossible for me to convey to the reader, and which consisted invariably in the ejaculation of the deprecatory syllables "Well, I never!" pronounced in an indescribable tone, and accompanied with an upward cast of the eyes and a slow pleading elevation of the palms of her hands. If I complained that the boots she brought me to put on were odd ones, she replied with "Well, I never!" If I hinted that the bed I slept on seemed stuffed with brick-bats instead of feathers, through being ill-made, she responded with "Well, I never!" And if I suggested that letters left by the postman should be brought to me, and not taken into the kitchen, she seemed to consider the oversight condoned by the prompt exclamation of "Well, I never!"

These things, however, were but trifles compared with the great and radical defect in Mrs. Brown—a defect to which I may confess that I was perhaps more sensitive than a philosopher would have been. The fact is, I have a weakness which leads me to require that the food I eat be properly and wholesomely cooked. Mrs. Brown had no such weakness: she got ready our meals from the first on a principle of her own. It was no matter what she had to experiment upon: from simple buttered toast to knightly sirloin spitted, everything that passed through her hands passed through the process of destruction—varied, it is true, sometimes in the methods, but arriving uniformly at the same end. Boiled meats came from her treatment tough as leather; roast meats "eventuated" in prodigious cinders of flesh, or in masses blue-raw, the bare sight of which took away one's appetite; chops and steaks, which should have been savoury and succulent, came to table bearing the semblance of African "kibobs;" and as for fish, it generally came up in a collection of disintegrated fragments heaped in a dish, a kind of cairn, round the bare vertebral bone. She once tried a plum-pudding, at Nelly's request, and produced a species of spotted cannon-ball, which neither of us could venture to touch, but which the little B's discussed in cold lumps next day while rambling in high glee through the house and garden.

This utter failure in the cooking was "the unkindest cut of all," and most disturbed my peace of mind, which for these years past I have noticed to be greatly dependent on my digestion. Seeing how much it annoyed me, my little Nelly hit upon a bright idea. "Papa," she said, "there is the great ham that uncle Tom sent us; suppose we boil that—it is sure to be nice, and it will last ever so long; and then, if we have pies and tarts from Mrs. Patty's, we can do without cooking, you know, till it is done." There have been times when I should have scouted the idea of feeding on ham day after day, but the fearful experience lately gone through had considerably modified my views, and I gladly consented to the proposal. Nelly was all eagerness to put it into execution at once, and when Mrs. B. had gone for the night she prevailed on me to repair with her to the

kitchen, to lift the huge joint from the nail on which it hung, and concert the preparatory measures. Having got the thing down and laid on the table, we began to look about for something large enough to contain it. We made some frightful discoveries among the pots and pans that lay beneath the dresser, the exact nature of which I may be excused from describing here. At length we managed together to drag forth a huge pan big enough to boil the famous ham, and Nelly must needs have that too lifted on the table to undergo inspection. When she took off the lid, what should we see lying snugly enshrined within but Sally Single's best Sunday bonnet, with a lot of ribbons, a pair of starched vandyked cuffs, a black lace veil, and sundry other fallals, the sight of which set us both laughing so heartily that during the rest of the evening we scarcely recovered our usual composure.

Nelly had resolved not to trust the dressing of the great joint which was to be our *pièce de résistance*, as we imagined, for weeks to come, to the care of Mrs. Brown. She accordingly rummaged out a cookery-book from the book-shelves, and began studying it with a degree of seriousness due to the subject, and, finding that the time of boiling must be proportioned to the weight of the joint, the steel-yards were got down, and it was weighed accordingly. Next day she assumed the rule in the kitchen, and, spite of Mrs. Brown's ejaculations and persistent attempts to assert her claims of seniority, saw the whole process fairly through to the end, and got the magnificent joint admirably cooked. It was an astonishing relief to both of us when her first attempt in the culinary art was served up for dinner, and we found how excellent it was, especially after the miserable failures which had latterly been defying our digestive powers. Our anticipations, however, with regard to the duration of the dish were by no means realized. On the following day no less than five of the marsupials revolved round their dam as she discharged her daily functions, and at meal-times they naturally gravitated round uncle Tom's acceptable present: it bore a portentously cavernous aspect when it came upon the supper-table; and I saw at once that our chance of escaping for any length of time the culinary experiments of Mrs. Brown was small indeed.

But I have dwelt enough on these unworthy troubles of the table, and am anxious to get away from them. Let us turn to the other and more important phase of our "domestic difficulty."

It has been already mentioned that my daughter had applied to the register offices, and paid the fees demanded, and that she had also advertised in our local newspaper. The paper is a bi-weekly, and the advertisement appeared four times; but during the whole of the following fortnight no general servant, or servant of any kind, made application in consequence of the advertisements. Neither did any one of the register offices send a single applicant, although each of the managers had taken the regular fee in payment for the pains they might be at in sending candidates to the house. Notwithstanding the failures of the ordinary agents, however, we had applicants enough and to spare. Ten times a day, at least, came the solid, heavy dabs at the street door, which apprised us that somebody had come to inquire about the vacancy. These were nearly all girls who had heard of the place through the medium of the butcher, baker, or grocer with whom we had dealings. The major part of them were already in places, which they might retain if they chose, but who, on the principle of bettering themselves if an opportunity offered, came to make inquiries on speculation;

though some of them were young women who had discharged themselves after a service of brief duration, with no other object than that of enjoying a week or two's holiday at Christmas-time, when they could see the pantomimes, and the Crystal Palace shows, and other attractions of the season. They knew well enough that places were begging on all sides, and that they would have no difficulty in locating themselves again whenever they were disposed to return to work.

I confess I was not prepared for the revelations in the matter of servitude which these young persons unreservedly made. My daughter, of course, received them; but, as I sat in an adjoining room, separated only by folding-doors but partly closed, nothing passed without my knowing as much as I cared to know concerning it. The modesty of their demands as to payment, coupled with their ideas of the consideration due to their convenience, astonished me not a little. The first that came made particular inquiries as to the time she would be expected to rise in the morning, and, on learning that breakfast should be on the table at half-past eight, suggested nine as more convenient, but would accept the post with the condition that a boy should be kept to clean knives and boots, run errands, etc. Another, a good-looking lass enough, would expect to be allowed to receive her "cousin" to tea once a week or so—said cousin being full private in the Horse Guards, who might occasionally bring a friend with him. Another wished to stipulate for an entire day's holiday once a fortnight, and Sunday evenings to half-past nine, on the ground that it was very dull in a place where there were but two in a family. A girl who was dragged to the house against her will by her mother, could not be prevailed upon to utter a word, but behaved in all respects like a deaf mute, the mother speaking for her, and desiring, and apparently expecting, to fix her in the post at once, without further parley. A very talkative subject, who boasted that she was already located comfortably, and could not have a more agreeable and easy place, was yet ready to come to us for an advance of twenty per cent. upon her wages: we had only to say the word, and she would give notice to quit that very day. A rather old stager, who professed to having taken the pledge and joined the Rechabites, made a formidable demand for beer-money, and for the engagement of Mrs. Brown on Saturdays.

Probably we may have been hard to please; but certainly we were not fascinated by the demands of these considerate people, and we did not seem likely to be "suited" in a hurry. Nelly played the mistress, I thought, very well for a girl of fifteen; but she lost her self-possession a little when one candidate made it a condition of taking service with us, that Nelly's favourite "Skye" should be got rid of, because "them brutes is a noosance in a 'ouse."

We grew weary at last of attempting a selection from these spontaneous visitors, and, as the register offices sent us no one, and our advertisements were unproductive, we began overhauling the "Times" supplement, which was like digging over an acre of ground in search of a possible nugget. Of ten notes addressed to advertisers, one only brought a reply, the writer of which had obtained the service she sought, but might be bribed to quit in our favour on liberal terms. To one advertiser, who promised fairly, we were precluded from writing by a clause in her advertisement, which stated that Irish and Scotch families were objected to;* while others, in most respects eligible, showed by the nature

of their expectations that they would not be desirable inmates.

As yet we are not out of our difficulty. Whether we shall have to put up with Mrs. Brown in perpetuity, under some covenant that shall mitigate the influx of the small Browns; whether Sally Single will get well and come back to us, or, getting well, will marry some Tom Double, and not come back at all, save to fetch her Sunday's bonnet; or whether, in spite of all our inquiries and consultations, we are doomed to do our own cooking and shoe-blackening, dusting and bed-making—those are questions the solution of which, as stump-orators say, "lies hidden in the bosom of the future." Meanwhile, it seems pretty clear that there is something uncanny stealing upon us modest housekeepers of the unpretending class: the old relations of servitude are vanishing, and on the not very distant horizon there looms the shadow of a wide-spreading "domestic difficulty."

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

THIS year being the bicentenary of the Fire of London, the chroniclers in the public journals have been bringing up many notices of the memorable event. A graphic narrative, commonly but erroneously ascribed to Defoe, and usually printed with his works, will probably remain the most attractive and popular account.* In the "Athenæum" there has lately appeared a letter to Viscount Conway, which gives so complete and lively a picture of the Great Fire, that we think many persons will read it with interest. It is undated, but it was written evidently about September 8, 1666. It was discovered in the Record Office by Mrs. Everett Green:—

"Alas, my Lord, London—all London almost within the walls, and some part of it which was without the walls—lies now in ashes. A most lamentable devouring fire began, upon Sunday morning last, at one of the clock, at a baker's house in Pudding Lane, beyond the Bridge; immediately burned down all the new houses upon the Bridge, and left the old ones standing, and so came on into Thames Street, and went backwards towards the Tower, meeting with nothing by the way but old paper buildings, and the most combustible matter of tar, pitch, hemp, rosin, and flax, which was all laid up thereabouts; so that in six hours it became a large stream of fire, at least a mile long, and could not possibly be approached or quenched. And that which contributed to the devastation was the extreme dryness of the season, which laid all the springs so low that no considerable quantity of water could be had, either in the pipes or conduits; and, above all, a most violent and tempestuous east wind, which had sometimes one point towards the north, then again a point towards the south, as if it had been sent on purpose to help the fire to execute upon the city the commission which it had from Heaven.

"From Thames Street it went up Fish Street Hill, into Canning Street, Gracechurch Street, Lombard Street, Cornhill, Bartholomew Lane, Lothbury, Austin Friars and Broad Street northward, and likewise into Fenchurch Street and Lime Street, burning down all the churches, the Royal Exchange, and all the little lanes and alleys, as it went. From thence westward, it swept away Friday Street, Watling Street, Cheapside, Newgate Market and the Prison, Paternoster Row, St.

* Fact. "Times," January 1866.

* In Bohn's edition of Defoe's works this tract is in the same volume as the account of the Plague, and the Great Storm of 1704. The title-page of the fire narrative states that it is taken from the "City Remembrancer," 2 vols. 8vo, a scarce work, published in London, 1760.

Sepulchre's, and so up to Smithfield Bars, and down to Holborn Bridge. Also all Paul's Churchyard, the roof of Paul's Church, Ludgate Hill, part of Fleet Street, Blackfriars, Whitefriars, and all the Inner Temple, till it came to the Hall, a corner of which had taken fire, and was there most happily quenched, as likewise in Fleet Street, over against St. Dunstan's Church; else, for aught appears, it might have swept away Whitehall, and all the city of Westminster too, which is now left standing, together with all the suburbs, viz., the Strand, Covent Garden, Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Holborn as far as the bridge, and all Hatton Garden, Clerkenwell, and St. John's Street.

"Of the City itself, from the Tower unto Temple Bar, remains only all Smithfield and St. Bartholomew's, Aldersgate Street, and part of Broad Street, the fire being stopped there, before it came to Sir Eliab Harvey's, whose house, together with Sir John Shaw's and Gresham College, and so forward, are preserved; all Bishopsgate Street, Leadenhall Street, Duke's Place, and so to Aldgate.

"But 'tis fit your Lordship should know that all that is left both of city and suburbs is acknowledged, under God, to be wholly due to the King and Duke of York, who, when the citizens had abandoned [all] farther care of the place, and were intent chiefly upon the preservation of their goods, undertook the work themselves, and, with incredible magnanimity, rode up and down, giving orders for blowing up of houses w[ith] gunpowder, to make void spaces for the fire to die in, and standing still to see those orders executed, exposing their persons not only to the multitude, but to the very flames themselves, and the ruins of buildings ready to fall upon them; and sometimes labouring with their own hands to give example to others; for which the people do now pay them, as they ought to do, all possible reverence and admiration. The King proceeds to relieve daily all the poor people with infinite quantities of bread and cheese; and in this is truly God's vicegerent, that he does not only save from fire, but give life too.

"I believe there was never any such desolation by fire since the destruction of Jerusalem, nor will be till the last and general conflagration. Had your Lordship been at Kensington, you would have thought,—for five days together, for so long the fire lasted,—it had been Doomsday, and that the heavens themselves had been on fire; and the fearful cries and howlings of undone people did much increase the resemblance. My walks and gardens were almost covered with the ashes of papers, linen, etc., and pieces of ceiling and plaster-work, blown thither by the tempest.

"The loss is inestimable, and the consequence to all public and private affairs not presently imaginable, but in appearance very dreadful; yet I doubt not but the King and his people will be able to weather it out, though our enemies grow insolent upon it.

"The greatest part of the wealth is saved, the loss having chiefly fallen upon heavy goods, wine, tobacco, sugars, etc.; but all the money in specie, plate, jewels, etc., were sent into the Tower, where it now lies; and the Tower itself had been fired, but that it preserved itself by beating down the houses about it, playing continually with their cannon upon all that was fired, and so stopped the progress.

"So great was the general despair, that, when the fire was in the Temple, houses in the Strand, adjoining to Somerset House, were blown up, on purpose to save that house; and all men, both in city and suburbs, carried away their goods, all day and night, by carts, which were not to be had but at most inhumane prices. Your

Lordship's servant in Queen Street made a shift to put some of your best chairs and fine goods into your rich coach, and sent for my horses to draw them to Kensington, where they now are.

"Without doubt there was nothing of plot or design in all this, though the people would fain think otherwise. Some lay it upon the French and Dutch, and are ready to knock them all on the head, wheresoever they meet them; others upon the fanatics, because it broke out so near the 3rd of September, their so celebrated day of triumph; others upon the Papists, because some of them are now said to be in arms; but 'tis no otherwise than as part of those militias which are, or ought to be, in a posture everywhere.

"All the stories of making and casting of fire-balls are found to be [mere] fictions when they are traced home; for that which was said to be thrown upon Dorset House was a fire-brand, seen by the Duke of York upon the Thames to be blown thither; and upon notice thereof given by His Highness, was for that time quenched. But there could be no plot without some time to form it in; and making so many parties to it, we must needs have had some kind of intelligence of it. Besides, no rising follows it, nor any army appears anywhere to second such a design. Above all, there hath been no attempt upon the King or Duke's person, which might easily have been executed had this been any effect of treason.

"Men begin now everywhere to recover their spirits again, and think of repairing the old and rebuilding a new city. I am told this day by Mr. Chicheley the City have sent to the King to desire a new model. Vaults are daily opened, wherein are found immense quantities of pepper, spices, and wines, oils and sugars, etc., safe and untouched, though the houses were fired; but all the cloth laid in St. Faith's Church, under Paul's, is burnt. Gresham College is set apart for an Exchange and Post Office. Leadenhall is to supply the uses of Guildhall; and, without doubt, when the Parliament meets, as much will be done towards the restoring of the City, and in it of the kingdom, to its ancient lustre and esteem as can be expected from the piety and policy of so dutiful an assembly.

"I find every man resolved never to submit to a base peace, what extremities soever we undergo; yet I see no man unwilling to hearken to a good one."

POST-OFFICE ANNUAL REPORT.

Of all departments of Government administration, that of the Post-office is the most thoroughly prosperous and satisfactory. Every yearly Report from the Postmaster-General exhibits the most careful attention to the public service, and at the same time a steadily progressive income. The Twelfth Report gives a clear and complete view of the business of the Post-office in its various branches, of the Money Order Office, the Post-office Savings Banks, and also of the operations of the Post-office in connection with the Government Insurance and Annuity Act. In each department it is apparent that constant efforts are made to afford every possible accommodation to the public, and the financial results exceed the most sanguine expectations.

In the year 1865 the increase in the number of letters conveyed by the Post-office was more than proportionate to the increase of population and the number of inhabited houses. The gross total of articles conveyed in 1865 was—

Letters	720,460,000
Books and newspapers	97,250,000
Samples and patterns	1,280,000

Total 818,990,000

The increase of letters in 1865 over 1864 was 41 millions, that of 1864 over 1863 having been 36 millions.

In the number of registered letters there was corresponding increase; the number in 1865 being 2,232,000; in 1864, 2,130,000; and in 1863, 1,965,000.

The number of valentines in 1865 was 542,000; in 1864, 530,300; and in 1863, 494,700. As in former years, nearly one-fourth of the whole number of valentines posted in London were from the western district. Twice as many valentines were sent from London to the country as from the country to London.

The number of returned letters rose from 2,864,000 in 1863, and 3,154,000 in 1864, to 3,518,000 in 1865. It is estimated, however, that 50,000 of the returned letters of 1865 were circulars issued by agents and committees at the general election. During the year upwards of 12,000 letters were posted in England and Wales without any address, and of these 298 contained cash, notes, bills, and cheques, to the amount in all of £3,700.

In the increase of receptacles for letters, the number of free deliveries, the increase and acceleration of mails, and generally in the extension of postal facilities, the Report is most satisfactory.

The only important alteration in the scale of postage for inland letters is that from the progression by one ounce rate to a progression by half an ounce, and the charge for half an ounce at each step. Thus, for letters between 1 oz. and 1½ oz., the charge is now 3d. instead of 4d.; and between 2 oz. and 2½ oz., 5d. instead of 6d. Since the commencement of 1866 a similar reduction has been made in the scale of postage for books, patterns, and samples.

Additional facilities have also been provided for posting late letters by the London evening mails: "Letters for the night mails generally could be posted for an extra payment of one penny up to 6.45 p.m. at the district offices, and up to 7 p.m. at the chief office, and, for an extra charge of sixpence, up to 7.30 p.m. at the chief office. Under the arrangement which came into operation in the beginning of 1865, letters for the night mails generally may be posted for an extra charge of one penny up to 6.45 p.m. at the chief and district offices, for an extra charge of twopence up to 7.15 p.m. at the chief and district offices, and for an extra charge of fourpence up to 7.30 p.m. at the chief office. Thus the period for posting late letters at the district offices has been extended by half an hour, whilst the extra charge for the late posting of letters has been reduced, in the case of letters posted between 6.45 p.m. and 7.15 p.m., from sixpence to twopence; and in the case of letters posted between 7.15 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., from sixpence to fourpence. A further advantage has been given to letters posted at a district office near the railway-station from which they are to be conveyed. The period for the late posting of such letters at district offices has been extended to 7.45 p.m., at an extra charge of twopence."

The Report concludes with a general statement of the financial condition and prospects of the postal department: "While the actual cost has been largely increased, it has continued to bear a less and less proportion to the revenue, and has fallen from 81 per cent. of the gross revenue in 1856 to 66 per cent. of the gross revenue in 1865. The tables further show that the net revenue of the department, which was rather less than £600,000 in 1856, bordered very closely upon £1,500,000 in 1865.

"It is right that I should here declare, both for my predecessors and myself, that this satisfactory result has not been brought about by any special or systematic effort to produce a revenue from the Post-office. It is attributable partly to the growing magnitude and prosperity of the population, and partly to the measures which have been employed to develop and promote correspondence, and has gradually and quietly grown to be a not insignificant item in the revenue of the country. It is, moreover, an item of taxation which it would be impossible to replace by any less onerous or disagreeable impost.

"The steady growth of Post-office business during a long series of years gives us every reason to expect that, if the prosperity of the country be not diminished, the Post-office may, without sparing any effort to satisfy the just wants of the public, or to keep pace with the growing desire for improvement, produce in a few years a net revenue nearly equal in amount to the present produce of the income tax. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to devise any mode of raising a public income less burdensome or more equitable in its operation than that which exacts no payment without giving a service in return, and which is not open to the appellation of a tax."

The success of the Post-office insurance and annuity operations may also be regarded as established. On this subject the Postmaster-General states that "the total sum insured at the close of 1865 was £60,874, and the gross annual premium income, exclusive of the sums received in single payments, £1,924. Of the whole number of proposers, 866 have been males, and 68 females. In a very few cases it has been necessary to charge an extra premium for extra risk, arising out of somewhat defective health; and in the case of a few married women, who were pregnant at the date of the insurance, it has been thought right to add to the first premium, but only to the first premium, a special premium of 10s. per £100 to cover the risk attendant on confinements. No deaths have occurred, up to the date of the Report, amongst the persons insured."

With regard to annuities: "Since the commencement of business, 238 proposals for the purchase of annuities have been received; of these, 4 have been dropped, 4 are under consideration, and 230 have been accepted. Of the proposals which have been accepted, 150 have been for the purchase of immediate annuities, the amount of annuity purchased being £3,430, and the purchase-money being £39,774. Of the remainder, 15 were for the purchase, by immediate payments, of deferred annuities, the amount of deferred annuity purchased being £232, and the amount of purchase-money paid down being £1,543. The remainder, 65, were for the purchase of deferred annuities by annual or more frequent payments, the amount in course of purchase being £1,368, and the amount of purchase-money annually payable being £759. Of the 238 intending annuitants, 103 were males, and 129 females. The remaining six proposals were for insurances on joint male and female lives."

It is expected that many friendly societies will make equitable arrangements for transferring their old age and death risks to Government, and so be able to concentrate their useful operations on liabilities contingent on sickness.

"On the whole, it appears that the scheme framed for the conduct of insurance and annuity business has worked smoothly and well; that the checks established for the protection of the Government have hitherto proved sufficient for their purpose; and that the advantages of the measure are gradually becoming known to the classes for whose benefit it was devised."